THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE FAITHFUL DOG.

THE picture on the first page of this month's "Dayspring" tells the story of a kind and faithful dog that saved the life of a little girl who was lost in a snow-storm and nearly frozen to death. When this good dog found her she climbed upon his back and he carried her home, where she soon became warm.

High up among the Alps, which, as you know, are lofty mountains in Switzerland, there is a convent where dogs are kept to save the lives of travellers who get lost in that cold and dangerous region. It is called the convent of St. Bernard, and is inhabited by people called monks. Each dog when he goes out in search for travellers has a large, warm cloak strapped to his back. When he finds some one who has missed his way, he lets him take the cloak and wrap it around him, and then guides him to the convent of St. Bernard to be kindly cared for. Sometimes the traveller will be too cold to do any thing for himself. Then the dog will hasten back to the monks and let them know by signs, which they readily understand, that their help is needed. He then guides them to the spot where the poor traveller lies, and they take him to the convent and take care of him.

For The Dayspring.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A. D. D.

The wintry waste, from house to barn,
Lies trackless, till some stalwart arm
Piles up, as foam on pebbly shore,
The spotless snow, deep drifted o'er
The path, that ermine bordered lay,
As knightly cloak on the highway.
Hark! list the cheerful, merry shout,
As children, muffled, trooping out
Half-buried doors, join calling mates,
With luncheon baskets, sleds, and skates,
Eager to speed school hours away,
To feast on winter's earnest play.

The "lulla clear," the runners glide
As wing'd birds o'er a sun-gilt tide;
Down hill sharp cut against the sky
To where, below, wide meadows lie
Holding the brook, a prisoner bound
In silvery chains, without a sound.
Then boys and girls toil up the steep
With trailing sleds, as slowly creep
O'er Egypt's golden, drifting sands,
The weary-footed, toiling bands.
So duties drag, while pleasures wing;
The fleetest joy we loudest sing;
The dryest task wins no renown, —
Ephemeral bliss wears brightest crown.

Now mimic battle bursts in balls,
That quickly hurled as bubble falls,
Till victory weds opposing sides,
While out of sight the round sun glides;
Then fingers numb, and tingling ear,
Hint loud of home, and warmth, and cheer;
That altar first to childhood given,
That time seals as a glimpse of Heaven.

CONSTANT success shows us but one side of the world; for as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

IT is not what people read but what they remember that makes them learned.

For The Dayspring.

THE ROSE FAIRY.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

ONCE upon a time in the sunny land of the South there lived a little girl named Ethel. Ethel was very fond of reading fairy tales, and it was the desire of her little heart to see a fairy with her own eyes. But where to look for one? Ah! that was the question! One day Ethel was wandering aimlessly around the garden in which bloomed many lovely flowers. Suddenly she clapped her little hands and shouted "*Oh! Oh!*" As this was Ethel's favorite exclamation whenever she had a happy thought, you may be sure she had one now.

"I'll hunt for a fairy," said Ethel, "I wonder I never thought of it before. Let me see, first I'll peep into the flowers; I think I must find one in some of them. If I were a fairy I am sure I should choose to live in a flower. What a pretty house that crimson rose would make, with lovely silken curtains at the windows, and pretty green leaves for blinds to keep out the sun when it shone too brightly! Yes, if I were a fairy I would certainly live in that beautiful rose, and when night came I would lie down in my soft little bed, wrap myself up in a rose-leaf sheet, and while the wind rocked my little house to and fro I would float silently away into the sweet dreamland."

Just then Ethel chanced to glance upward at the crimson rose nodding on its little green stem, and, standing on the very edge of this rose, she saw a tiny creature dressed in a dainty costume made of rose leaves; on her feet were crimson shoes, and in her hand she held a small wand, made of the rose's green stem, and tipped with a dew-drop which sparkled with all the brilliancy of a diamond.

"I am the rose fairy," said this little elf, in a voice which sounded like distant music. "What is your will with me, little mortal?"

"O, please, kind fairy," said Ethel, "please to grant me two wishes."

"Gladly, little maiden, if I may," replied the fairy. "Know you then, that I come from Good Land, and am one of the many subjects of Queen Wisdom, who does not permit us to grant the wishes of mortals, unless the granting of them will bring true happiness."

"But my wishes will make me happy, I know," cried Ethel; "for first I wish to be rich, and my second wish is to be beautiful."

Then the fairy smiled, and said, "Riches and beauty shall be yours, little girl, if you will obey the commands of the rose fairy. Always strive to do what is right. If you are tempted, I will come, to you invisible, but my voice will sound in your ear warning you against the evil you would commit. Come to me a year from to-day, on this very spot, where I will again appear unto you; if you have obeyed me, you shall gain both riches and beauty." So saying, the fairy vanished.

Then Ethel, wild with delight at what she had seen and heard, ran into the house.

That night she dreamed she was combing her hair before the mirror, when suddenly it turned into the brightest gold, and from it, with a ceaseless chink, chink, golden dollars dropped on to the floor. The little girl was just about to pick them up, when she awoke, and found herself in her own little bed.

That very day at school, the teacher called the spelling class to recite, and said "Books closed." Ethel, afraid she should

fail, and just before her turn came was about to take a peep in the book lying closed on the desk before her, when a little voice at her ear whispered, —

"No, no, cheating, *cheating.*" She dropped her hand to her side, and when her turn came recited promptly and well, without taking that naughty little peep.

The next day Ethel asked her mother's permission to spend the afternoon with one of her little playmates; but her mother, who was going away, preferred that her little daughter should remain at home. Ethel pouted and teased, but all to no purpose. So soon as her mother had gone, Ethel said to herself, "I *will* go down to Lulu Blake's anyhow; mother will never know any thing about it, for I can get back before she returns from the city."

"That is'nt right," said the little voice at her ear.

"O, you tiresome fairy!" said Ethel, "I won't listen to you!" and away she went out of the house.

Lulu was glad to see her little friend, and they played together all the afternoon. Ethel did not feel happy, however; she had a dreadful pricking in her heart. "Oh, dear!" thought she, "that horrid rose fairy is thrusting one of her thorns into my side."

Ethel got home first, but when her mother did come she ran to her and told the whole story. Her mother kissed and forgave her, like the kind mother that she was, when away went that dreadful feeling in her heart, and she was happy again. So the year glided onward, and Ethel stood again before a crimson rose the very counterpart of the one which blushed on its stem the year before. The fairy appeared on the instant, looking just the same as when she last made her appearance to Ethel's wondering eyes.

"Welcome, my child," said the fairy; "it is difficult for mortals to obey my voice, and you have done well."

"And my reward?" said Ethel.

"You have already received it."

"You must be mistaken, dear fairy; I thank you for your kind voice, it has served to make me much happier, but I am not richer by one cent, nor am I one mite more beautiful than I was a year ago."

"It is you who mistake, my love;" said the fairy; "you *are* richer, and a thousand times more beautiful than when I last beheld you. I will never leave you. Continue to hearken unto my voice, and I will enrich and beautify you a thousand-fold. The riches and beauty you have gained are the only kind which endure, and the only kind which I, Queen Wisdom's subject, am allowed to grant unto mortals. They are called heart riches and soul beauty."

Again the fairy vanished.

Ethel was at first disappointed in the kind of riches and beauty she had received; but as the years went by, and she obeyed more and more the good fairy's voice, she learned to prize them above all others.

Dear children, you will never see the rose fairy, but tell me, have you never heard her voice, nor felt the rose thorn pricking in your heart?

For The Dayspring.

RHYME FOR THE SAILOR'S CHILD.

THE waves roll high,
They dash and break;
Dear papa sails
For baby's sake.
He sails by rock,
He sails through storm,
While baby sleeps
Secure and warm.

M. F. B.

THE DIATOMACEÆ.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE MICROSCOPIC LESSON.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

[The older classes of the Sunday School periodically meet at my house, to have a talk about "God in his work;" and our subject is illustrated sometimes by geological specimens, sometimes by objects under the microscope. Perhaps the older readers of "The Dayspring" would like to see an abstract of one of our lessons. The one now offered was used to illustrate an address on "The Revelations of God in Nature." We had a good microscope and a slide of beautiful Diatoms, and other matters mentioned.]

THE Diatomaceæ are minute vegetable organisms, which grow in all positions in all waters; but each position has its own species. In the depths of the sea, or clinging to the plants which float upon its surface, in lakes, rivers, ponds, brooks, ditches, cisterns, drinking-troughs; in fact everywhere where their native element, water, is found, there are the Diatoms doing their obscure work, with all the energy of which they are capable. They are probably nourished by gases which would otherwise be evolved and become deleterious to the higher forms of life. They secrete silex from their surroundings, and of this material build up a structure, revealed by the microscope, of exquisite beauty. They construct a sort of bivalve shell, between the sides of which the vegetable matter grows.

The Diatoms before us have probably been washed out of guano. Let us consider the changes through which they may have passed. Clinging perhaps to some coral reef, or to some sea-weed, a good way below the surface of old ocean, these little plants grew, and, making the best of their surroundings, worked away at their tiny building, — we will say, striving in their sphere to rival the coral animalcules, so busily employed beside them. Some tiny denizen of ocean's depths came leisurely along, and swallowed hundreds of the little plants. Perhaps by the time he had digested the vegetable parts, he, in his turn, became the prey of some larger marine creature; and again the little Diatoms were undergoing the process of digestion. Then a bird carried the fish home to his nest on one of those islands of the south seas; and again the Diatom was within the sepulchral recesses of a living digestive apparatus, but it was not destroyed, nor was its beauty marred. And, after years, whose number we cannot count, it is brought to some of our ports in a cargo of guano, which, being examined by some diligent microscopist, gives up its treasure, and we have it here mounted on this crystal for our instruction and enjoyment.

Or it may be the Diatom flourished and decayed in its native home; and the silicious coat, falling to the bottom, was covered by the debris there formed. Then through untold ages of geologic change it lay there entombed; to be resuscitated for our use in the "Tripoli," or other polishing powder, which consists almost entirely of their silicious remains; or to be examined in "Bilin Slate," in a cubic inch of which it has been estimated that there are the remains of *forty-one thousand millions* of their bodies!

Now I want to point out, if I can, the way in which these facts are suggestive of some higher lessons. For untold ages has human life flourished on this planet, and through how strange experiences it has passed! The cave men, the men of the stone age, of the iron age, of the bronze age, have all left us something to mark their history; and as we examine these remains, what a revelation comes to us; — of degradation it may be, and of animalism, but always

of progress, and of an indwelling though obscured grandeur. Stepping far on in the history of our race, what revelations of beauty come to us from Greece; of law and order from Rome. And in the realm of religion, what revelations of gradual dawning from Babylon, from Persia, from Palestine, until the "full fruition" is found raised on the cross on Calvary. But to see all these revelations, the student must go far below the surface, and often wander amid much that is uninviting.

Again, — Here is guano, and here a specimen of silicious earth. To the superficial observer they present few attractions. You believe they are what I say, perhaps chiefly because I say they are so. The patience and skill of the microscopist reveal to us the gems that are contained in these uninviting powders.

Now here you have all that remains of the ancient literature of the Jews. We call it the Bible. Nine-tenths of the world are satisfied with knowing little more than the name of the book; and it is only to hard work and patient investigation that it reveals its richest gems.

We approach these powders in an inquiring spirit, determined to put aside all that is impure, but giving to that its due value even whilst acknowledging its impurity. Let us approach the Bible in an inquiring spirit, putting aside all that which is "of the earth, earthy," that we may retain the gems, and mount them upon memory's crystal, for our constant examination, for instruction in righteousness. I never look at my Diatoms without seeing new points of beauty; and so it is with truth in all its forms.

One more illustration and I have done. Let it be a personal one. Stepping from the lowest form of life to the highest, — from the Diatom to man, — is it not reasonable to believe that the faithful performance of duty, whether high or lowly, — the meek and humble "walking with God," — enables the human life to build up in its sphere, as the Diatom has done in its sphere, an equally unperishable form of beauty? — a form, in the case of the human builder, which our microscopes cannot define, but which is visible to God now, and shall be revealed to angels and men in the eternal hereafter.

Truly, to the inquiring mind, every thing in God's universe speaks of the divineness of duty, and carries with the lesson the sure promise of reward.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE Maine chap was taken to church for the first time where the minister officiated in a surplice. He was continually fidgeting and asking, "Ma, is he not done? when will he be done?" The minister stood up to make the closing prayer, raising his hands, when the little fellow turned to his mother, with horror pictured on his face, saying, "Ma, he is swelling up again!"

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked: "What makes you appear uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

Baron Stow used to be fond of this illustration of faith: Calling on a parishioner, at twilight, he found the Charlie of the family holding fast to a string, and gazing up into the darkening sky. "What are you doing?" asked the minister. "Flying my kite, sir." "I don't see any kite, and you don't." "No, sir; but I am sure it is there, for I feel it pull."

For The Dayspring.

BEPPO AND TOM.

THERE is a town in Massachusetts that everybody has heard of, called Salem. It is a very respectable place, and most of the people live in large, square, brick houses, with stone steps leading up to the front door. But my story is not about any of the people in Salem. It is about a dog and a horse who live there, and who love each other so much that their friendship is well known. The dog is a small tan terrier, with a pair of the brightest eyes that ever shone in a dog's head, and the merest stump of tail that wags on every occasion. His name is Beppo. The horse is a large, brown one, with a white star in his forehead, and two white feet, and his name is Tom. They live in a nice stable, behind a square brick house, and a man named Peter, who is a coachman, takes very good care of them. Every night Beppo sleeps in the stall beside Tom, and they tell each other before they go to sleep their ideas about what has happened during the day, just as little children who sleep together tell each other all the fun they have had before the "sand-man" comes around and shuts their eyes in slumber.

When Peter takes Tom out of the stall in the morning, Beppo watches very closely to see if he means to harness him into the carriage to take his mistress and her little girl out to drive, or if he only means to rub Tom's coat, and make it as glossy as a piece of satin. If Peter goes toward the harness room Beppo trots along too, and when he sees him take the bridle down he frisks about in great delight, for he loves dearly to follow the carriage and scrape acquaintance with every dog he meets. Sometimes these chance acquaintances do not result in any thing very pleasant.

One day Beppo met a dog with whom he did not agree at all. Now Beppo was too well behaved to ever fight, but he liked to argue, a fault which is sometimes found among human beings as well as among dogs; his new acquaintance grew rather impatient at last, flew at poor Beppo and bit him so savagely that he had to be carried home, have his wounds dressed, and the poor little fellow lay moaning on a bed in the stable away from his friend Tom for many days. This made Tom very uneasy; he would twist himself about in his stall and try to see his little friend, and when night came he was restless, and did not sleep as quietly as usual. When Peter led him out in the morning to drink, Tom went close to the bed where poor Beppo lay, and putting his head down close to him rubbed him gently, and Beppo feebly wagged a "thank you" with his little stump of a tail.

Now all this happened in the summer, and by the time autumn came Beppo was well and able to run about anywhere. He sat one day in the barn door, lazily winking, and now and then snapping at a fly, when he saw Peter take a basket from a nail and go into the garden. Now Beppo was a very curious little dog, and had a very good memory beside, as you will presently see, so he trotted after Peter to find out what he meant to do with the basket. In the garden grew fruit-trees, and some of them bore very fine pears. Peter stopped under these trees and commenced to gather the fruit. Beppo watched him for a few moments, thinking no doubt all the while; then suddenly snatched up a pear in his mouth and rushed toward the stable where Tom was standing, enjoying the sunshine as it streamed through the open door. Peter saw him do this, but thought he was

only playing with the pear as he did sometimes with a ball, until he saw Beppo repeat the action two or three times, when he decided to follow him and see what he did with the fruit; and can you guess what he did do with it? Why, he carried it straight to Tom, and laid it on the floor beside him, as much as to say "Here, Tom, here is a pear; I know you like them;" and you may be sure Tom understood it, for he took the pear up in his mouth and ate it as if he did like it, while Beppo stood by for a moment, wagging his tail furiously, and then dashed away for another pear. Beppo remembered that often after Peter had groomed the horse, he would give him an apple or a pear, and as he sat in the orchard the thought came into his wise little head that perhaps Tom would like a pear *then*, so he at once selected as good a one as he could find and carried it to his friend. Tom was grateful, no doubt, for the attention, as you are when a schoolmate gives you an orange or a stick of candy at recess; and that night when the stable was quiet, the horse and the dog talked it over in their fashion, Beppo going to sleep a happy little dog because he had given his friend pleasure during the day.

L. B.

For The Dayspring.

AN INVITATION.

TOME in, 'ittle bird,
And stay wis me;
I've dot lots o' sings
For 'oo to see.
'Oo needn't eat c'umbs,
But b'ead and milk;
I'll dive 'oo my sash,
All made of silk.
And 'oo can s'eep
'It c'ose to me,
And be my baby, —
Don't 'oo see?

M. F. B.

TAKING HIS PICK.

IN the picture on the next page you see a fox looking sharply at a hen-roost. In a moment he will seize the nicest fowl there and make for his den with it as fast as he can. Then he will have a good feast.

Foxes are very sly creatures and many strange stories are told of them. We have read of one that was tamed, and kept in a farm-yard with other animals. The dogs, strange to say, were friendly to him; but it was not so with the cats. You know that cats are very quick to smell, and that while they are very fond of some smells they have great dislike for others. Well, the cats in the farm-yard could not bear the smell of this fox; and what is very funny, the fox found it out, and plagued the poor cats all the more, for whenever a dish of milk was set down in the yard for them, he would walk around it a few times, and then no cat would go near it, but he could have it all to himself. We are glad to say that when this cunning trick was found out, milk was put every day where the cats could get it, but where the fox could not.

A MERE habit of cheerfulness, which makes the voice gentle at home, and the face bright upon the street, is a perpetual boon to mankind.

For The Dayspring.

HAL DRAYTON; OR, CURING A BAD HABIT.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

KITTY! what'll you bet I'll draw that up without slopping over?" asked Hal Drayton, as he leaned over the well curb, one glorious day, late in September, that was warm enough to excuse many draughts on "the old oaken bucket."

Kitty left the doll she had been attending, alone in her perambulator, while she, on tiptoe, peered down into the mysterious depths of the well, beside Hal, who was bringing the bucket slowly up, *very* slowly indeed, for it was full to the brim, and heavy for young arms.

"I'll bet," began Kitty, meditatively, "I'll bet"—trying hard to think of the thing she cared the least for, having suffered severely before now, from betting with Hal, "a-er-my-er spelling-book, you don't," she concluded, promptly.

"Pho! who wants yer old spelling-book? Bet something good, can't you?" he exclaimed. "Bet that pearl knife in the 'Scholar's Companion' Aunt Su gave you last birthday, an' I'll try her on! that's my swag!"

"What! my little leg knife! Oh! Hal! I couldn't! it wouldn't cut wood an' things anyhow! auntie Su said it wouldn't. I *can't* bet *that*. I'll bet the ball I bought with my Aunt Su's quarter, if you like."

Without answering, Hal tugged, and strained, and puffed like a high-pressure engine, got the bucket *nearly* to the level of the curb, when some little nerve, or set of nerves, moved some little muscle, or set of muscles, in a contrary way from that intended by their owner, when — over went the bucket with a splash, quickly finding again the cool depths it had so lately left.

Kitty shouted with glee, while Hal's face flushed as he exclaimed, "There! Kit Drayton, that's your fault, 'cause you wouldn't bet that knife! who wants your old ball?" asked he, defiantly, turning away.

Kitty wisely made no reply to this injustice, but looked intently down the well again, as if seeking a charm to dispel the clouds that threatened to shadow the sunshine on her brother's face, for she was a born peacemaker.

"Hal! can you see the bottom of the well?" she asked pleasantly, "my copy said yesterday, 'Truth lies at the bottom of the well,' and I wish I could see it."

"Ho! I've seen the bottom many a time, an' I never saw nothing there but the bucket on top of the water," said Hal, "but you can't see down this well as you can Uncle Cy's. Tom Shedd showed me, when I was there last time, a piece of the sky in China, right through a hole 'bout as big as the top of the well, but I didn't see no truth nor nothing else there."

"P'raps it's in different kinds of wells," said Kitty, "but I wish I'd seen down Uncle Cy's well. Do you s'pose Tom'll show me China the next time we go there?" asked she, feeling that she had lost a great deal.

"Yes, I'll get him to, if I'm 'round," said Hal, grandly. "By Jupiter! there goes that great stupid cow! see, right into the turnip field! Jehosaphat! won't Zeke blow some? Kit, you run round through the orchard and head her off, an' I'll go through the barn, and tell 'em Speckle's loose. I want to see Zeke tear! Quick! don't stop to say your multiplication table on the way," he shouted, as Kitty hesitated, wishing to ask why he gave her the longest and hardest part of

the business, but starting off in haste, as she realized the urgency of the case, while Hal walked coolly into the barn and gave the alarm in a collected manner, enjoying hugely the consternation the news spread among the farm hands at work there, for that turnip field was the pride of the place.

Hal had hardly finished his communication, when he saw his mother coming from the hen house, with a basket of fresh eggs in her hand. She smiled on her little son, holding out her hand to him, and together they stepped out under the noble elms that stood beside the great barn, pouring down their golden rain, as the whispered farewell of summer reached them, one by one.

"My dear Hal," began Mrs. Drayton, "I have heard it said that 'speech was silver, silence golden,' but there is no sound in all the world *I* so well love to hear as the voices of good and happy children at play or work; but I do *not* like to hear a pleasant voice, particularly one *I love*, using low and vulgar expressions."

Hal's face said he understood, and kissing the hand he held he exclaimed, "I know, mamma! did you hear me just now? well, hang it, I"—he stopped, covering his mouth with both hands, to keep the naughty words in, the color rushing furiously over his face, then he began again. "I know it is not polite to you, mamma, but that kind of words come easier than any others, and I can't help it!"

"Oh! Hal, don't say that! for it is hard to think that we shall be obliged to listen to such expressions as I heard a few moments since all the rest of our lives," said Mrs. Drayton, so seriously that Hal looked quickly up in her face, where he found a twinkle in the sweet brown eyes that showed him she was not seriously displeased.

"I'll try, mamma, to leave off some of the words. I'll make a new resolution, when New Year's Day comes, never to say another one, if you want me to!"

"I should be much pleased if you would, dear, but do you think you must wait till the New Year comes, before making a new resolution? I think *now's* the best time to begin," said his mamma; "and I had thought that any little boy who really *tried* and who had some great and good motive for trying, set before him, might try, try, and try again, till, after perhaps many failures, he could overcome almost any bad habit."

"Well, mamma, I have a good motive, for I wish to please you, and I *will* try real hard, by Jim, if I don't!" said Hal, so earnestly, that the slip of his tongue was unnoticed by him, if not by the mother who loved him, but she only said,—

"My dear boy, I don't believe you know how hard it will be, but *do* try, if you love me, and I know you do, to cure this very bad habit; and, my dear son, ask for help and you will succeed."

The next morning Hal told Kitty that he had made a new resolution, and that Zeke (a man who had been in Mr. Drayton's employ for a long time, and was very fond of the children) had promised to give him a silver watch, that hung at the head of his bed, and that had for long been the object of Hal's desire, if he would keep an account of the slang words he used for a month, and "if, in the time to elapse before New Year's Day, he could make the number smaller each month, and in the week ending Dec. 31, 187–, he could give as the record any number under nine, the watch should be his, 'to have, to keep, and to hold,' for ever!"

"I guess you won't get it,' said Kitty; "I'm afraid you won't."

"Pho! I shall! You see if I don't. It'll be just as easy as chopsticks! By Jingo, I *can* do it, I know!"

"There, oh! don't!" said Kitty, quickly, "when do you begin?"

"This morning," answered Hal; "I went out behind the barn and said over every word I could think of, — all the bad ones, I mean, that mamma don't like, — and now I don't mean to say any more, see if I do!" he said, confidently.

Here Zeke called Hal to run to the orchard and call his father, as some one wished to see him. Harry ran at once, for he was always obliging, and, returning, began to look for the top he was spinning when Zeke called him, but the top had spun away, and could not be found.

"Wherever's that old top gone to, Kit? Dang it! 'twas right here a minute ago! By thunder! I'll never — what you looking at me so for, Kit? Oh! by Jumbo! if I didn't forget! there, my resolution's gone to smash!

"Stop!' cried Kitty, laughing outright, 'you'd better get a potato and put in your mouth, then you can't talk! You'll never get the watch!"

"You bet!" shouted Hal, as he ran off down the lane to let the cows out of the barn-yard, that they might go for a last taste of buttercups and clover, before a frost should blacken the fringe of the meadow brook.

At noon Hal was late, and Kitty was off on an errand for her mother, but at supper time she showed her brother a neat little book she had made of letter paper, saying, —

"See, Harry, this is my 'Day Book!' Papa has one, for I saw it in the office, and I'm going to keep the record of the naughty words, for I want to help you get the watch; and mamma says I may, if you like!"

"Oh! goody!" said Hal, always glad of his sister's aid and comfort. "I didn't have any place to keep it but on my nails. See what a heap I've said to-day." And he showed his hands, the finger nails of which were covered with minute hieroglyphics. He looked rather sober as Kitty counted up a large number, for he began to realize that he had a harder task before him than he had thought, but he was glad to give up the trouble of keeping the score to his sister, saying, —

"I know I shall remember quicker if I see you have the book, and I mean to keep it honest too, and I might forget."

The weeks passed as usual. Sunny, happy days wore swift wings, and went quickly; rainy ones, and some others, when the children had to stay in doors, because of colds, and things did not go just right, dragged slowly, and through them all the figures against Hal in the "Day Book" stood alarmingly large.

Kitty had saved him many a time by checking his hasty utterance; but she was not always at hand, and his success seemed doubtful.

One pleasant afternoon, Hal and Kitty, with several of their playmates, went to "Morton's woods," to gather nuts. The air was warm and sweet, though November blasts had stripped the trees, mostly, of their "Joseph's coat" of many colors, and it was hot work hunting among the fallen leaves for the treasures they sought.

While working busily, Hal hung his basket, nearly full, on a branch conveniently low, while he went to search for a deserted bird's nest he spied on a neighboring tree, but which he could not reach. When ready to start for home, on going for his basket, he found it on the ground, his nuts scattered far and wide. The darkness having already fallen, he could not see to gather

them, and his disappointment was great, as he had the largest lot of all, and he was much delighted with his success.

Kitty had waited for him, and she stood aghast as she listened to his lamentations.

"Who do you s'pose knocked my basket down? I—I *swanny*, it's too mean! By gorry! if I could catch that boy I'd give him 'hail columbia'! Jehosaphat! how d'ye s'pose I'm going to see to pick 'em up?" And Hal was ready to cry with vexation, but Kitty was ready with a soft cushion, as usual, for his wounded temper.

"Never mind, Hal, I wouldn't care! Let's go home now, and come to-morrow, and get them. I'll come and help pick them up, and they'll be just as good then as now; only don't say any more words, for you said a lot just now, and see, nobody knocked the basket down — the branch broke — see, just there?" And Hal concluded that was the best way, all things considered, and off they went, talking busily over their plan for coming in the morning, early, before their hoard should be appropriated by others, searching for like wealth.

When the morning was come, and the nuts regathered, Hal thought he could shake down many that still clung to the topmost boughs, could he only get high enough up in the tree to dislodge them. So he stripped off his jacket, and went up the tree's rough bole with the agility of a South American monkey; and soon the nuts came rattling down, till Kitty ran, laughing and screaming, to a safe retreat, "till the shower was over," as she said. Hal began his descent, when suddenly his foot slipped, and down he came, indeed, too quickly for safety, for he struck his head on some branch, and lay as if dead on the nut-strewn ground.

Poor Kitty now screamed aloud in terror, "Oh! Hal! are you killed? What shall I do! Oh! Oh!" and she ran up and down, like a wild creature, in great distress, for how could she leave him, to go for help?

Hal opened his eyes after what seemed an age to his sister, who was much relieved, though sorely puzzled as to what was to be done.

Hal somewhat recovered himself, and advised her to stop crying, and go for Zeke, as fast as she could, which she accordingly did; and good Zeke hastened to the scene of the accident with unusual speed.

He carried Hal home in his arms, Kitty following in tears and fright; but once arrived there, the worst could be more easily faced when safe in "mother's room," than alone in the woods; or so it seemed to Hal, who bore up bravely under the Doctor's searching hands, while the little sister clung to papa, sobbing as if all happiness had for her for ever departed.

"Well, young man, you'll have to keep still awhile, but you've got off easy, I should say. An ankle badly sprained, and the collar bone broken, are all the injuries I can find, save a few good bumps and bruises; perhaps, though, you don't think them *good*, but we'll have you all right again in a month or so, *if* you keep *still*, and mind mother, that length of time," concluded the kind Doctor, cheerfully.

"*A whole month!* By—!" Hal stopped in time. "Oh! I can't keep still a *month!* why, that's more 'n four weeks!" said poor Hal, dolefully.

"Not much more, usually, my boy; but I think you won't want to *go* much for half that time, at least, so let your patience grow; the weeks will soon be gone!" And good Doctor Peyton, having completed the arrangement of a sling to carry Hal's left arm comfortably, left them with a pleasant "good-by," while Kitty's sobs increased in

violence at the thought of the long time that must pass before her dear Hal could again be her constant companion in out-of-door sports. Hal's nerves being shaken by excitement and pain, was reason enough for the few tears he was rather ashamed to be seen wiping away; but mamma was ready with loving condolence, and enticing plans to hasten the dreary time, her grateful heart singing psalms of thanksgiving, meanwhile, that the accident had spared her boy's life; and after a time matters subsided into a routine, that was made as agreeable as possible, and the cure progressed favorably.

The Doctor's words proved true. Poor Hal's ankle caused him much pain, and he gladly kept the injured member *still*, as the least movement, for days, increased his suffering.

At the end of four weeks, however, he could once more get out of doors, though not to walk, and all the family were as happy as himself when he could be lifted to the carriage for a drive.

Since his confinement to bed and sofa, he had found time to think of, and keep, his resolution, and had made great improvement, and he was much pleased when Kitty showed him the result of the week before the eventful one, which would end December 31, 187–.

"Why, Kit! you don't mean it," he said in surprise, "only nine since last Saturday, and this is Friday again! I couldn't have believed it, if I had kept the count myself!"

"Yes, it's true, Hal, dear; and just think! now you've only got one week more, and you needn't have a single mark if you're careful, and how pleased mamma will be! Hurrah! you've got the watch, sure as any thing!" and Kitty was as glad as if she had herself gained some desired thing.

And true enough, the last week's pages were as pure and white as were the fields that now lay stainless and unsullied without; for the autumn had passed, and the rude blasts of the north wind had unfurled the banner of the Storm King, and snow covered the woods, the hills, and the garden, and the New Year was at hand. The week ended, and not a slang word had escaped Hal's lips the entire week; and when he went down to the barn, for the first time since his fall, on New Year's morning, to carry Zeke's presents from himself and Kitty, of a nice warm fur collar, and fur driving gloves, that papa had bought in the city, he proudly showed Kitty's "Day Book" with the seven pages at the end entirely blank.

Zeke looked at the book, from beginning to end, a curious smile creeping over his face.

"Well, little master, you've done well! I'll give ye credit for't! I didn't b'leve you'd do it. Beats all! an' little Miss help'd too, I reckon. That's right — gals can help boys ef they're a mind to. You've done well, an' no mistake! you've earnt the watch, an' 'twas hard work for ye — an' here 'tis. Keep it as long's ye live to member Zeke by, an' member too, what ye got it for — an' I reckon ye won't find another bad habit so hard to break as this fust one;" and having concluded his speech, Zeke left the children to return to his work, while they ran to the house, where Mrs. Drayton gave Hal a little box containing a pretty gold watch-chain, and Kitty added a handsome locket with one of her curls inside, beneath a fine picture of his mother's face.

Hal was delighted, and as proud as any conqueror, at having met, fought, and overcome the giant, Bad Habit; but mamma begged him to make new resolutions on

this, the first day of a New Year, and to keep a close watch over the vanquished, lest in an unguarded hour he might fall again into the frequent use of words that seem to come so easily to boys, and sometimes to girls.

Said Hal, "It was harder than I thought, mamma, and if it had not been for Kitty, and my fall, I do not really think I should ever have succeeded; but when I began, Kitty used to seem to hear me wherever I was, and she would stop me, for she never seemed to forget it; and when I was sick, I had time to think; and after I said them less, I did not seem to *need* to say them so much, and so I don't deserve *all* the credit of curing myself, after all."

"We are satisfied with the result, dear Hal, at any rate, and you will often find just such helps, on the way to any victory over your faults. When we earnestly strive, and ask our Heavenly Father to help us to overcome any sin, He lovingly reaches a hand to guide, and help us, though we may not at the time be aware of it, and by striving we conquer. Papa has known all the while you have been trying to cure the habit that was as displeasing to him as to myself, and he is waiting to give you and Kitty a token of his love, and pleasure in your success. Let your pleasures be shared, your sympathies one, your troubles divided, so long as you both live, my dear children, for a brother's and a sister's love is a holy thing;" and with a warm kiss, Mrs. Drayton led them to the side door, where Mr. Drayton stood holding the heads of as pretty a pair of Shetland ponies as ever gladdened the heart of a little boy or girl.

Hal's mouth opened wide, but he said, "Oh! papa! one for Kitty too! I hoped I should have one, but I was afraid you wouldn't dare to let her ride. Oh! I'm *so* glad!" While Kitty flew to clasp her arms around her father's neck, covering his face with kisses, her joy too great for words.

"Call yours 'Thunder,' my boy," said Mr. Drayton, slyly, "it may be a relief to you to speak to, or of him, some times!" but Hal laughingly declined.

WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the prince-consort introduced into her family. Particularly is this true of the children of the crown-princess of Germany. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have punctually to perform their duties and keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Accomplishments, such as riding and skating, receive the same attention as art and science. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands; and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids. — *S. S. Visitor.*

THERE are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second is never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

SUNDAY STORIES. By Rev. Howard N. Brown. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Company, 1879.

These "stories" are, in reality, sermons preached by Mr. Brown to the children of his parish. They relate to such subjects as "Humility," "Temper," "Good and Bad Seed," "Patience," "Sincerity," &c., and are the best sermons to children that we have ever seen. We advise all who have occasion to instruct the young in morals and religion to get this volume and read to them some of the excellent things it contains.

FOOTPRINTS. By F. E. Cooke, Boston; Published for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety, and Charity, by A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington Street, 1879.

This little volume contains carefully prepared biographical sketches of John and Charles Wesley, George Fox, Mohammed, John Huss and John Falk. It is just the book for young folks to read, and ought to be put into all Sunday-School Libraries.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for February treats of the parables of the Two Sons, the Wicked Husbandmen, the Marriage Feast, the Ten Virgins, and the Talents. Specimen copies sent free to any address.

BOUND VOLUMES OF "THE DAYSPRING" for each of the eight years which it has been published, can be had at this office. Price fifty cents a volume to subscribers; seventy-five cents to others.

IF any of our Sunday Schools can spare copies of "Lessons on the Old Testament, Part I.," "Scenes from Christian History," "Lessons on the Christian Life," or "Questions on the Gospels," they will confer a favor and be paid a reasonable price, if they will send them to this office.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA No. 1.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 1, 5, 8, is to strike lightly.
My 6, 7, 13, is a verb.
My 10, 9, 1, is a kind of picture.
My 4, 2, 12, is a part of the foot.
My 11, 3, is a pronoun.
My whole is the name of a tribe of Indians.

ENIGMA No. 2.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1, 8, 5, is a man's name.
My 10, 3, 5, 7, 6, is an adverb.
My 2, 5, 9, is animal matter.
My 4, 1, 11, 8, is a German name.
My whole is a country of Asia.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

C o D
H E
I l L
P e A
P a W
E r A
W a R
A l E
S ea S

SQUARE WORD.

C A R T
A R E A
R E A R
T A R E

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